

His mother, meeting her mother for the first time, trying to show just the proper amount of cordiality and just the proper amount of reserve. It's a difficult situation. Neither is missing a trick, however.



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Ruthie, who used to be Joe's girl—they were engaged for six months—has just met Joe's present affinity, and is showing off violently with what material there is at hand—all for the benefit of fiancée number two. Ruthie is registering magnetism and charm in the direction of Uncle Walt and Georgie.



The friend of her mother's. "Well, I suppose that means a nother wedding present," which remark is prompted by a note which reads: "Dear, dear Mrs. McKee, I want to tell you of my great happiness"



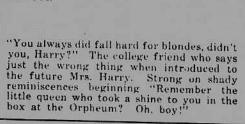
rection of Uncle Walt and Georgie.

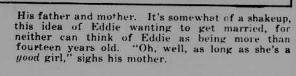


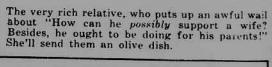
"Aw, gee, they'll get over it—it can't last long—I give 'em a couple of months!" His younger brother is pessimistic about being in love.



Joe and Edith are so very much in love that they are making believe they have the same tastes in common—for the time being. Joe is telling Edith all about the fishing trip he took a year ago after sturgeon. Edith is crazy about the snapshots of the outing and is making Joe explain each one in detail. They are going through the book twice, and Edith, who doesn't know yet quite what a sturgeon is, can hardly wait to go on a fishing trip with Joe.









The engaged couple of none too tender years, who make up for lost time with the sentimental stuff. Very gooey. Honey has scratched her little finger and Precious is making believe to make it well with a kiss.



The Radical Couple. Robert (pronounced "Robair") and Linda, are reacting from the effects of small town Puritan ancestry. Theirs is a Greenwich Village courtship, and the future is a bit different from what you'd expect wedded bliss to be like. As soon as they are married they are going to live in separate establishments — with their own friends about them, and maybe once a month they will have tea together. They are planning a trip to the South Sea Islands before the wedding. So much more modern than a bourgeois honeymoon.



Won't some one please advise poor Beatrice: Shall she, or shall she not, call off everything with a man who will keep calling her "Bee-trice"?